



When I fell sick, my window became a movie screen. I spent copious amounts of time in my bed, dreaming. Often I prioritised them over my wakeful reality. My days passed by like this. My dreams swallowed me, and I recorded them extensively. I inhabited a dream-space that was completely constituted from my consciousness. It felt like everything I would see and feel and sense in these dreams were mine and familiar, because I had birthed it entirely. If '[f]amiliarity is shaped by the 'feel' of space or by how spaces 'impress' upon bodies', then 'the familiar is shaped by actions that reach out toward objects that are already within reach' (Ahmed, 2006). In my dreams, everything was within my reach. My body extended into infinity.

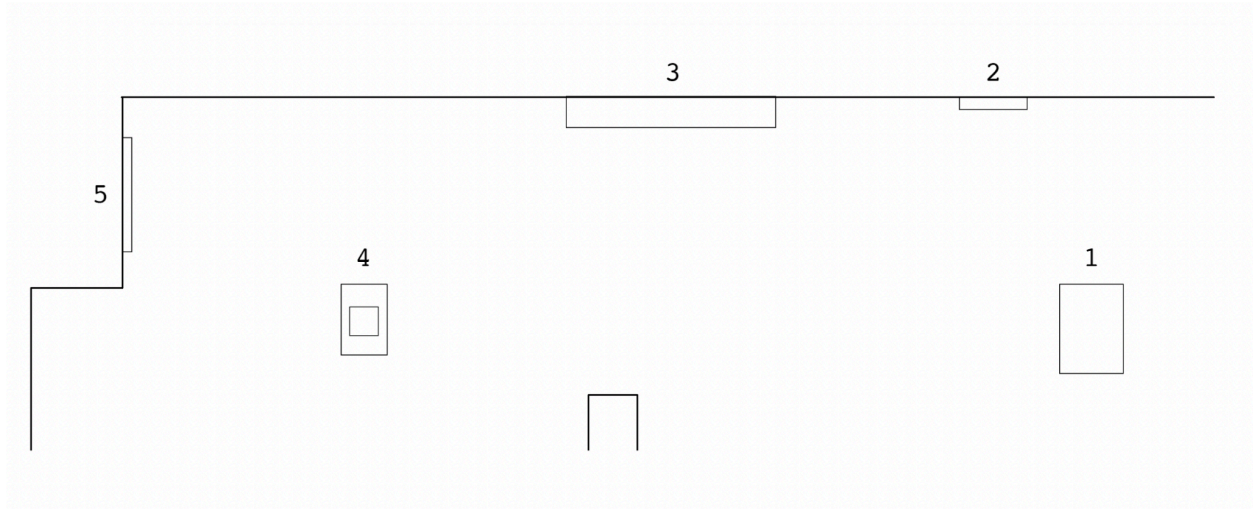
No body is better acquainted with a bed than one that is sick. Sickness manifests itself capriciously, but the bed seems to be the final place to which all ill bodies return. Think hospital beds, beds in nursing homes, beds in school sick-bays. Importantly, invisible illnesses frequently reveal themselves in the space of the bed-at-home, where we take on roles of doctor, patient, nurse and guardian all at once. In the dictionary of delight, vitality is defined by the ability to move: to have a bounce in one's step, to be alive and kicking, to jump with joy. Stillness is only acceptable in bite-sized portions. While non-ill bodies might imagine the bed as a marvellous site of rest, ill bodies are not as innocent. As Susan Sontag wrote, 'illness exacerbates consciousness'. When we are forced into immobility, we simultaneously navigate the breakdown of our bodies with the world that continues to move without and against us. From our bed-station, we begin: with incapacity and within capacity.

### III. Becoming-insect

*The [bug]'s way of sensing is a clear-minded sensing of the world as world aligns against the [bug]: demystified, dependent, and with brutality intact. The [bug] - like all prey, and unlike any predator - is a scholar of the all.<sup>2</sup>*

The bug that we squash without thought, the bug as condemned creature, the bug as trespasser of spaces we delineate as home. In *A Maggot*, Kirsty Hendry writes: 'Bugs are often used to describe anomaly - a breakdown or rupture in the proper functioning of things. Bugs themselves are indeterminate, only perceptible through the disruption they produce; unspecified and ambiguous errors. Bugs operate across software, hardware, and wetware as the causes of technical failings, mechanical breakdowns, and sickness. Applied within the context the body - we use 'bug' as a synonym for bacteria and germs - an infectious but unspecified illness of ambiguous origin, contracted through chance encounter with an unknown contagion. [...] It is thought that disgust is a theory of evolution. Our revulsion towards maggots is not directed at their material presence but at what they have come to represent; maggots are an ecological red flag, a warning of imperceptible threats and dangers to life.' However, 'the bug in itself is not a fault, but an indication that relationships within a particular system require renegotiation. Rather than a destructive force, their presence should be understood as a restorative practice.'





1. *Itch*, 2024. Ink transfer print on canvas
2. *Looking Out The Window/I Saw The Blue Sky*, 2024. Gauze, air dry clay, beeswax, soap, loose tea leaf residue, cotton on canvas
3. *Diapause*, 2024. Iron bed frame, galvanised steel wire, medical gauze, unbleached scrim, handmade lavender fragrance
4. *Now Hug The Mayfly*, 2024. Bricks, vitamin D pills
5. *Altar for A Burning Bone*, 2024. Traditional Chinese liniment 正骨水 (zheng gu shui) and ink transfer print on canvas, Chinese pain relief patches, incense